

SOUTH BRANCH INTELLIGENCER.

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Miscellaneous.

CONFIDENCE OF WOMAN.—The fairest and brightest trait in the character of woman, is yet the greatest source of her sorrows and ruin. There is nothing more pure, more holy, than that instinctive, confiding spirit, which leads a fair young girl to pour out the treasures of her innocent heart at the feet of one whom her soul loves, and who, to her, is all that is good, upright, and honorable. The heart of woman is ever prone to love; and in spite of every warning which may arise around her, she will cast down her all and bid him whom she loves to take it, for from him she dreams no harm. It is this pervading, governing feeling of a woman's heart. She must have some one to love; some one to confide in, to look up to, and when she once pours out the garnered treasures of her affections upon an object, no time, no sorrow, no blighting of hopes, nor frowns of the world can root out the pure and holy impulse, but it nestles within the most secret cells of the heart and abides there "till death." How often is the soul pained and this rock of feeling struck until the waters of pity gush freely forth, to see some young spirit bowing in all the simple-hearted purity and confidence of an innocent mind, at some earthly shrine of clay, which the fancy had decked and ornamented with all that was virtuous and good, when the gush of love had blinded the judgment, and hidden from her view the rock which was to wreck her forever. And when the fell truth came stealing darkly upon her and the iron entered her soul with all its ghastly pictures and withering thoughts, how true, how fatally true did she yet turn, and through weal and woe, through vice and shame, cling with the desperation of woman's love to him who was all unworthy of a sentiment so near angelic. And then the world—the fastidious, perfection exacting world, looks coldly on and cares not for the agony of a spirit broken and perishing; but its finger is raised and another shafted into that bleeding bosom, while with proud tongue it recounts all which should be forgotten, yet forgets all that should be remembered. There is none of the mildness of mercy, nothing of pity or of palliation in the world's judgment, but with unsparring lash it drives the poor sufferer, betrayed by the best feelings of her nature, deeper down into the abyss of grief, and chains her there until the grave gives her spirit freedom once more. This is no over wrought picture, no wandering of the fancy, but it is a sorrowful truth, one that ought to be true no longer. We see such cases almost daily, and he must be worse than a brute who can regard them without emotion.—Love, indeed, is the fairest and holiest sentiment of a woman's heart. It was designed to bless—but, alas! how often does it prove a sorrow and a woe!—*Rich. Star.*

Tender avowed in the way of Trade.—A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man, who had been long enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened every thing, at last she said, "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair." "Well," whispered the lady blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

AN IMPROVISOR.—Edward Merlin was charged with being drunk and noisy in a house in Cross street; and it was also intimated by the complainant that Ned was considerably out of the knees and elbows, and his shirt seemed as if it might be the identical two knapskins, sown together, which belonged to the second most fortunate of Sir John Falstaff's country troopers. In short, Ed. Merlin appeared to be a regular loafer from his pimple cover, to his shanks mares, with this sole exception, that his tongue went like a perpetual motion, whereas it is one of the peculiarities of the fraternity that they are too lazy to talk. The most interesting feature, however, of Mr. Merlin's character is that he's a poet and that too of so unadulterated a complexion, that whatever he says runs into rhyme, as naturally as if it was bespoken and paid for at a penny a line.

Mrs. Donovan, the complainant, is a little Irish woman who keeps one of those "holes in the wall" shanties, where they purport to sell "the best of good liquors at three cents a glass," and it appeared in evidence that Mr. Merlin had done every justice to her "best of good liquors"—but had vented no further in her favor, for when she began to remind him of the "three cents a glass" part of the ceremony, he went into a kind of indignation, and let the stream of his words fly a cloud like a fine jet of champagne.

For your liquor, continued

Mrs. Donovan, at the conclusion of a long drawn out story of her woes—"he drank me brandy wid as little compulsion as if it was nothin but ditch water for the devil a sup or a pint an' a half he left behind him to serve another customer."

Magistrate.—Did he take it by force?
Mrs. Donovan.—Mush no your honor, but he went on like a play acter until I thought he was raisin the devil, and bad win to me if I wasn't afeared to say a single word until the scura a dhrap was left in the bottle. In throth, your honor, if he's not a witch—or a devil—or something in that line, I think he must be out of his seven senses.

Magistrate.—Merlin, what have you to say to this business?

Merlin.—I say my lord, as quick as winkin'—
The liquor was not worth the drinkin';
And charge the hog I have my eyes on
With sellin' drugs that's worse than poison.

Mrs. Donovan.—That's the way he went on when he was drinkin up all me beautiful brandy widout payin for it, your honor.—Jaziz, you bigwadd if you call me a hog again, I'll smath your ugly muns into smithereens.

Merlin.—Beware good woman, say not so. And we'll be friends before we go.

Tho' much I fear your liquor horrid,
Will bore a hole out through my forehead.

Mrs. Donovan.—the devil mind you, or any body that speaks in such an outlandish language as that. Your honor, dear, do you think he gits it all out of a book, or is it crack'd larnin he is?

Magistrate.—He's either a fool or a rogue; Merlin answer me plainly, what are you?

Merlin.—A man, my lord, from hat to shoe; Flesh, blood and bones, the same as you.

Magistrate.—I mean, what's your business?

Merlin.—My business—bah—I scorn the name.

My business is to seek for fame;
The muses, sir, are my delight;
I woo them all from morn till night.
Come, sweet Urania, heavenly maid,
Oh come to thine own Merlin's aid.

Magistrate.—No humbugging, sir, how do you get your bread?

Merlin.—My bread, sir—oh!—my answer's ripe;

I live on suction like a Snipe,
I mean a Woodcock, but you know
The rhyme says Snipe, so let it go.

Magistrate.—Give over rhyming sir, and tell me plainly where do you live?

Merlin.—When the sun is bright and hot,

All around I seek my lot,
Lolling in sequestered nook,
Listening to the babbling brook;
Or, scorning blanket, sheet or rug,
Bosoming in the Park as mug;
But in cold weather 'tis my plan
To live my lord, where best I can.

Magistrate.—Hang you, you rascal, speak in prose.

Merlin.—I will, my lord—by all the Gods,
I mean no harm, but where's the odds.
O blest Urania, come along,
And give my lord a soul for song.

Mrs. Donovan.—the lord help the poor craythur, but I believe he wants a strait waist coat worse nor my brandy. Your honor darlint, I'll forgive him the brandy, an the braikin of me chairs, but I think I'd be a charity to have him put somewhere that I'd bring him to his ruin, an purwint him from speakin such unchristian a language.

Merlin.—Thus say I doom'd where'er I go
My jewels before avarice to throw.

Mrs. Donovan.—You blackguard, if you call me a swine I'll make you pay for me brandy if you wear as mad as a March hare.

Magistrate.—Does any one here know this man?

Watchman.—Yes, sir, I do—he's called the mad poet, and is always drinking brandy, and talking nonsense—he does nothing for a living, and lives nowhere—I believe he couldn't speak like any other man if he tried.

Merlin.—'Tis true I am before my time,
For all men yet shall speak in rhyme.

My lord, I am no cheat, for see
The proofs of my true poetry
My hat, with half the crown bent in;
My trousers loose, not worth a pin;
My coat, deficient of a skirt;
And with, at best, half a shirt;
And thus my lord for brandy—
—
You want no ones—the poet is gone.

Magistrate.—I believe you're a better poet than a man—but your doggerel can't save you, I must commit you for a vagrant.

Merlin.—O shades of Homer, Milton, &c.
And sweet I to the tread will go.

Magistrate.—No, Homer and Shakespeare say that you need only be sent a stone breaking.

Merlin.—O Mrs. Donovan he kiped, But if you'll kill, why I'm resigned.

Mrs. Donovan.—Pon me soul, your honor, I'm almost sorry for bringin him here, after all there's something very nice about his manner of thraikin' in the King's English.

Merlin.—O poetry, a god thou art
For smotherin down a woman's heart;
O lady take it not amiss,
For here I thank you with a kiss.

Mrs. Donovan.—Well now, that I mightn't sin, but if that is at the height of assurance. However, no matter, for it'll all rub out when it's dry.—Your honor, wout you forgive him, an I'll take him home, an give him his breakfast, an see what I can make of him.

Magistrate.—Mrs. Donovan, are you a maid or a married woman?

Mrs. Donovan.—Neither, your honor, but I'm a widdy, and a snug wan too—the Lord be praised for all his marcies.

Magistrate.—I thought so!—but you may go, and take your poet along with you?

Mrs. Donovan.—I thank your honor kindly, but fair now yees needn't be laughin, for I mains no harm.

Merlin.—So let them laugh—who cares—the day is mine.

For poetry and beauty take the shine;
On lady on, nor waste the precious hours,
But let us hasten to ambrosial bowers.

And so saying the immortal Mr. Merlin, and the poetry smitten "Widdy" Donovan, made themselves scarce. This Merlin, whom we have frequently seen at Washington market, can talk for hours at a time in doggerel, whereas the above quotations may be taken as fair specimens.—*N. York paper.*

CURIOUS LAW CASE.—A case was tried recently at New Orleans, as we learn from the American, involving the question of the ownership of six geese. So contradictory was the evidence, that the venerable judge, in order to settle the question ordered the geese to be turned into the street, and appointed two officers of the Court to watch their motions. If the geese went to the house of the plaintiff he was to be considered the owner; if in the defendant's, then the case was to be decided in defendant's favor. The geese on being let outside their way to a neighboring mud-pool, where they regaled themselves all day, and the last intelligence was that they had not yet reached the domicile of either party.

CENSUS ITEM EXTRA.—Mr. Cist, who has made himself famous by the census reports he has given in the Cincinnati papers, says: "There is a general complaint of hard times, in the midst of which I found two, or three cases of men, HONORABLE MEN, in the mercantile community, being able to keep up two establishments, wives, children, servants and all the appendages of luxury and splendor in each dwelling.—Are we turned Turks?"

BURSTING OF STOVES.—One of our most distinguished chemists recently informed us that on one occasion, some time since, a large cannon stove in his laboratory had been partly filled with wet or damp anthracite coal, placed on other coal well ignited, and the whole, in order to prevent too great a fire, was then covered with ashes. It was then left to increase by itself, without any further attention. Our informant, an hour or so after, being in a distant apartment, heard a tremendous explosion, as of a heavy cannon, accompanied with a roar quite astounding. On hastening to the room whence the sound proceeded, he found the large cannon stove blown all to pieces, and the pipe split asunder to the ceiling. The cause of this phenomenon was, probably, that the heated air ascended in large quantities through the ashes, before the intense blaze formed by the increased ignition of the anthracite touched it—and when it did, the explosion occurred. There is a warning in this for private families or their servants, who may prepare stoves in this way over night, in order to have "killing-fire" in the morning. Destructive conflagrations, originating at night, might be the consequence. We remember that the report of one of the New York watchmen, at the time of the great fire there, stated that the first information he had of it was in a loud explosion—doubtless from a similar cause. The subject is worthy of heed by all house-holders in large cities.—*Phil. Gaz.*

THE WHIGS OF LOUISIANA. are preparing a costly National Banner which is to be awarded to the State that gives, in proportion to its population, the largest majority for Harrison in the approaching contest.—The Cincinnati Chronicle estimates the number of votes polled in the late election in Ohio at 370,000, being 60,000 more than was ever polled in the State before.—A vote was taken recently in Alexandria, on the question of retrocession to Virginia, and carried by a vote of 645, for retrocession to 125 against it.

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INTELLIGENCER.

We learn from the *Wheeling Times* that sickness prevails to an unusual extent in that city, so much so that the paper named says that since the days of the cholera, death has not made such havoc amongst the people as the last few days had exhibited. Amongst those who have fallen are several of the most estimable citizens of that place. The character of the disease is not mentioned.

An Immense Yield of Corn.—We understand, says the Lexington (Ky.) Reporter, that three of the neighbors of Mr. W. G. Young, of Jessamine co., measured the quantity of corn grown on an acre of his farm a few days since, and found the yield to be thirty-nine barrels and one half bushel! About the same quantity was also found, from measurement, to have been produced upon one acre of the farm of Mr. Joseph Bryan, of the same county.

It may be mentioned as a singular fact (says the Richmond Whig,) that of the 260 convicts confined in the Penitentiary of Virginia, not one has been reported in the Hospital, or on the sick list, for three successive weeks. This is unparalleled—and the Physician (Dr. Chamberlayne) says that such an exemption from disease has not occurred during the twenty-one years which he has attended the institution, if at any time since its erection.

A BLOODY TRAGEDY.—The Olive Branch of the 15th ult., published at Monroe, La., contains the account of a fatal and bloody rencontre which lately occurred in Bayou, Mason, in the Parish of Carroll. The particulars were given to the editor of the Olive Branch by a gentleman from Lake Providence.

It appears that suspicious had long been entertained of a secret association of robbers on Island No. 92 in the Mississippi. The whole country was rife with accounts of their depredations. After the late murder of a Mr. Webb, on Bayou Mason, it became the determination of the people to use every means for their extermination. One of the clan, a man by the name of Lavery, was known to be at the house of Garret P. Rollins, on the Bayou, and was extensively known as an negro thief. Mr. Wm. A. Colman, deputy sheriff of Carroll, determined to arrest him, and for that purpose started, in company with three others, in pursuit.—On arriving near the house they separated, Colman and one of the men going in front, and the other two to the back part. Lavery in the meantime had been informed that there was a warrant out for him; and when he spied Colman and his companion near the house he snatched up a double barreled gun and rushed to the door.

Colman commanded him to surrender. He then asked Colman if he intended to shoot him. Colman replied that unless he surrendered he must certainly would. At this instant they both raised their guns and fired so nearly together that the difference could scarcely be distinguished. Colman was shot with a double barreled gun, and fell dead, on the spot, one buck shot entering his throat, another his chin, and shot just below the nose. Lavery was shot with two rifle balls, both entering the left side, one just below the nipple, and the other about two inches to the right, a little above. He did not fall, but grasped his gun with desperate firmness and attempted to cock the other barrel. He was then fired on by Colman's companion, who, missing him, rushed forward & knocked him down with the butt of his gun. At this instant one of the men who had gone to the back part of the house came up, and placing the muzzle of his gun against Lavery's head, fired, scattering his brains over the yard.—The neighbors soon assembled, under a great deal of excitement, a hole was dug in the earth, and Lavery, boots, shoes, hat and all, were pitched in and covered up.

TEXAS.—Advice to the 5th instant have been received at New Orleans.

The only item of local interest is a rumor of an attack made on San Antonio by the Comanches. A severe battle is reported to have taken place, in which many of the residents were killed. The rumor is stated in the St. Louis Advocate of the 21st ultimo, as having been brought by a traveller from Victoria. It is not mentioned in the Galveston papers of a later date, and we are inclined to the opinion, that it is a false alarm. The cotton crop of Texas this year is quite productive. The estimate is that 50,000 bales will be raised. The harvest of grain and other products is also abundant. The country will not be under the necessity of importing its provisions. On account of the scarcity of money, and the sparseness of population, lands still continue very low.

All circumstances considered, the prospects of the country were never more flattering. In the Galveston Courier of the 6th October, is published a proclamation of Felix Houston to

the citizens of Texas, inviting them to join an expedition against the Indians.

The plan is to raise an army of sixteen hundred men and march beyond the frontier settlements of Texas.—There a line of block houses to be built, an abundant stock of provisions laid in, and the necessary arrangements made to carry on a winter's campaign. General Houston is very confident of success, and the probability is, that the project will be brought into operation.

The schooner *HORNET*, Captain Toby, at New Orleans from Galveston, left on the 10th inst. Capt. Toby reports that he left at Aransas Bay the Mexican Federal schooner *Cornelia*, Capt. Hurd, who was about to take on board 200 troops for Matamoras, and that in addition to this, 1,000 men of the Federal army, encamped at Corpus Christi Bay, under the command of Canales, were ready to march thither in order to make a simultaneous attack, by sea and land, on that city.

SEVERE REBUKE.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, Oct. 19.
We copy from the last *Maine Messenger* the following just-rebuke to Mr. FORSYTH, who has been for some time loading the mails with franked packages of *Extra Globes* and other Locofoco documents addressed to the clerks of courts and the justices of the inferior courts in various counties:

GEORGIA: LEE COUNTY.

Inferior Court, Adjourned Term, 1840.

It appearing in the Court that one JOHN FORSYTH has sent on to this Court, for the purpose of making them panderers to party biasness, certain packages of vile and slanderous papers, to wit: One package of "Extra Globes," one package of "Addresses to the Slaveholding States," by the Democratic Members of Congress, and one package of "Addresses to the People of Georgia," and that said papers are false and infamous in their nature, and tend to subvert truth, to defraud the People, to deceive the ignorant, and to make the honest voters as corrupt as the Administration from which they emanated; and this Court being unwilling to pander to the views of a corrupt Administration, or be made a tool of a party, as is the aforesaid JOHN FORSYTH: It is therefore ordered that the Sheriff of this county do take the aforesaid papers, and between the hours of ten and three this day, in a fire to be made for that purpose, on the public square, or some other public and eminent place, that he burn and consume the same utterly and entirely; and that copies of this order be sent to Amos Kendall, Ex-Postmaster General, and the aforesaid John Forsyth, and the same to be published in the *Columbus Enquirer* and *Georgia Messenger*.

A true extract from the minutes, October 5, 1840.

ASHLEY PHILIPS, Clerk.

STAGE PROPRIETORS AND DRIVERS.—The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth states that in the fall of 1838, the Mail Stage Line owned by Messrs. E. P. Johnson & Co., and the opposition line owned by Messrs. McNair and Weaver, came in contact on the turnpike road near Shelbyville, by which the mail line was upset and several passengers had their limbs fractured. Amongst the persons injured was Mr. Isaac Laughlin, the driver of the mail line, who had the misfortune to have one foot and ankle crushed to pieces—by which he has been made a cripple for life. He sued McNair and Weaver, the proprietors of the opposition for the injury, alleging the wanton conduct of their driver as the cause. The case was tried sometime since in the Shelby Circuit Court, and a verdict was given in favor of Laughlin for \$1,900. A new trial was granted upon application of the defendants; the case was removed to the Henry Circuit Court, and there tried the last week, when a verdict of \$2,000 was given.

The N. York Conspiracy.

It is due to Mr. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and the other persons implicated in the conspiracy against the Hon. MORRIS H. GRISWELL and other gentlemen of New York, to publish their denial of the charges preferred against them by their own witness, GLENTWORTH. We insert them below, with some pertinent remarks of the New York Courier.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.
We give below the defence of Messrs. BUTLER and STEVENSON, and also that of Messrs. HOTT and EDMONDS. The question universally asked is, why have not these parties sworn to their cards? Mr. GLENTWORTH is their witness! Upon his simple statement to Mr. STEVENSON, and Mr. STEVENSON's *dear* testimony, the virtuous Mr. BUTLER and his equally virtuous friend and associate, STEVENSON, gravely determined to assail the character of the most prominent men of our party, and now, when their own witness heartily testifies, by convicting them of a disgraceful conspiracy, behold these virtuous brethren in tutely ask the public to

discredit him on their simple statement! Do these men believe the public to be fools? Does not every man in this community perceive that, in point of fact, their statements go to corroborate Glentworth's statements in regard to themselves?

But we can do more. Butler, Stevenson, Hoyt, and Edmonds, that Mr. Glentworth's affidavit is believed, and will continue to be believed, until they make oath to its falsity; and that BUTLER, STEVENSON, and EDMONDS dare not do, without perceiving the cells of Sing Sing too prominently before them. We say they dare not; and we add, that they will not, unless in the shape of special pleading. Examine BUTLER's statement, and there will be found this extraordinary admission: "I never heard that he entertained, or professed to entertain, any such ideas, (a promise of office,) until it was communicated to me just before the interview at Mr. Hoyt's." Now who communicated this fact to Mr. BUTLER? He does not, and will not pretend that Mr. GLENTWORTH was his informant. Who then was it? We answer, in all probability, Mr. JOHN W. EDMONDS, of Phenix Bank Society. Here then, it appears from Mr. BUTLER's own statement, that he did hear, and did know, that such promises had been made; and it is for him to inform the public whether he derived his knowledge from his friend STEVENSON or his acquaintance EDMONDS!

But, says Mr. HOTT, the meeting referred to was not by appointment, but wholly accidental. We dare either Mr. Butler, his friend STEVENSON, or Mr. Edmonds, to swear to this fact. There are writs! proofs to the contrary, and they do not incur this risk. If, then, these statements are false in regard to the meeting being accidental—false as regards all knowledge of promises of office—false as regards the fact that Stevenson, Butler, and Edmonds did arrange this meeting—and if, in short, these statements are mere special pleading and false in the aggregate, and intended to deceive and mislead the Public, let the pious Mr. Butler and his virtuous friend STEVENSON, as also Mr. HOTT and Mr. Phenix Bank Charter EDMONDS, come before the Public with full and explicit denial of Mr. GLENTWORTH's affidavit, and let these denials be made under the solemnity of an oath.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have just read in the *Courier & Enquirer* of this morning an affidavit purporting to have been made on the 23d instant, by James B. Glentworth, which affidavit, so far as it relates to me, is a tissue of gross misrepresentations from beginning to end. Without going into details at this time, I assure the Public that I never had any communication with Jonathan D. Stevenson, or any other person, either directly or indirectly, on the subject of the developments recently made by said Stevenson, until Thursday, the 10th of Oct. inst.; that I never conversed with, spoke to, or saw J. B. Glentworth, except on the evening of Friday, the 16th inst., when I met him in the presence of Jonathan D. Stevenson, John W. Edmonds, and Jesse Hoyt, at the house of the latter; that I never on any occasion authorized or countenanced the idea that Glentworth should receive an office, or any other consideration, as a reward for disclosing the facts and documents in his possession; that I never heard that he entertained, or professed to entertain, any such idea, until it was communicated to me just before the interview at Mr. Hoyt's; that what I then said was intended to repudiate and remove any such idea, as utterly unauthorized and inadmissible; that I did so repudiate it in the strongest terms; and that, in consequence of what was then said by me and the other persons present, Glentworth decided not to make disclosure; that all I have said or done in reference to it has been prompted by what I have believed to be my duty to my country, and under a full sense of responsibility as an individual and a public officer; and that I invite and court the most thorough and unsparring scrutiny into every part of my conduct, in any and every form which by possibility can be adopted.

B. F. BUTLER.
New York, October 24, 1840.

A CARD.

The attention of the undersigned has been called to an affidavit of Jas. B. Glentworth, published in the *Courier and Enquirer* of this morning, in which it is stated, among other things, that "Mr. Butler would give a thousand dollars, and Mr. Hoyt the same, towards paying a certain demand against Glentworth, on condition that he would make statements that should implicate Gov. Seaward and the leading friends of the Governor in New York in a charge of having committed fraud at the election in New York city in the year 1838."

From the opinion of Mr. Glentworth's integrity I had expressed yesterday by his Whig partisans, I cannot suppose it necessary to make